Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIV., No. 9. MONTREAL, MARCH 3, 1899. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid.

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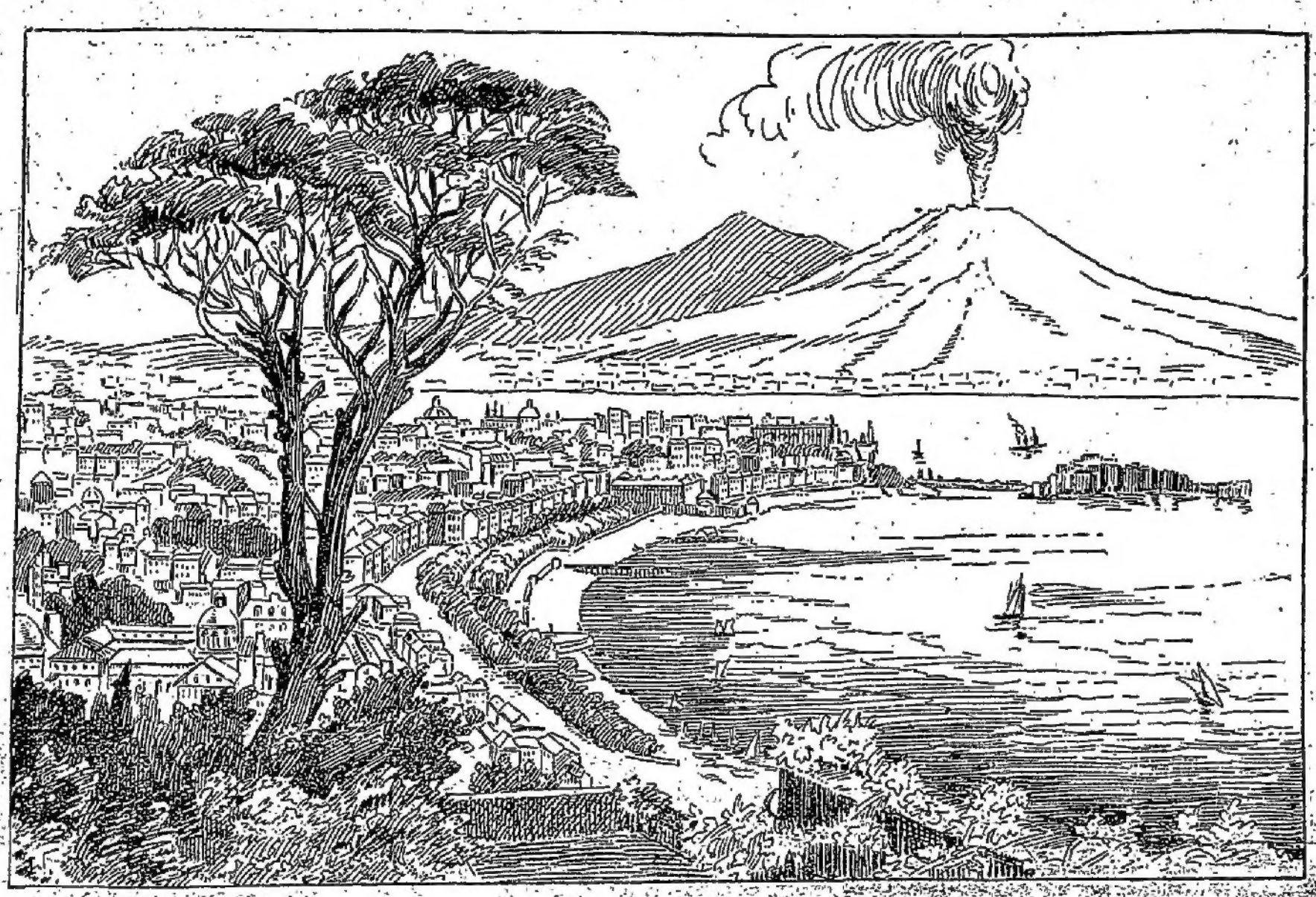


THE BAY OF NAPLES—MOUNT VESUVIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

Who's Your Guide.

('Cottager and Artisan.')

On July 1, 1891, two travellers from Brazil were sitting smoking on a terrace that looked out on that most lovely spot in Europe, the Bay of Naples. Suddenly one of them exclaimed to the other, 'Come what may, I must go up there.' As he spoke he pointed to Mount Vesuvius, which was in eruption at that time, and from the top of which flames and smoke were pouring forth. But the ascent could not be done without a guide, and not one of those who are licensed by the government to conduct people up to the mountain was at hand. But that difficulty was soon got over. A man was found who declared he knew the mountain as well as he knew his own house. And so off the three men started towards the top of Vesuvius, which was wrapped in vapor, smoke, and fire.

When not far from the top the man who had proposed the ascent asked the guide whether it would be safe to go on farther, so as to get near the edge of the crater from whence there were issuing smoke and burning lava. The guide told him he need not fear; many a traveller had gone nearer to the crater than they were at that moment, and that there was no danger. So on the man went, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, the ground under his feet opened, and in an instant he found himself falling headlong into a fearful chasm from which there came up suffocating fumes of sulphur.

Down the unfortunate wretch went, perishing in the flames and red-hot lava inside the mountain. The two other men were helpless. All they could do was to turn and flee down the mountain in terror, fearing lest the earth should open in the same way under their feet and swallow them up as it had done their companion.

A more ghastly and awful death than that which came upon that poor man on Vesuvius could not be imagined.

What verdict on the cause of his death could be given but this: He chose his own guide. That guide was incompetent and ignorant. Hence the result.

In other words, if a man chooses to follow a guide who leads him wrong he will have to put up with the consequences.

For instance, a man takes for his leader an infidel or atheist. That man's end and doom will accordingly be that to which the following of such a leader leads. That man will not escape that doom by saying he was mistaken in his guide.

There is no such thing as the followers being excused because the leader they chose turns out to be incompetent and ignorant. Men think it very fine to call themselves followers of men who laugh at Christ and his words. Whether it be a fine thing to be a follower of such guides remains to be seen. When we know the exact doom to which the teaching of such guides brings men, then we shall be in a position to judge.

But do not forget that it will be too late then to say that you made a mistake and chose the wrong guide. We choose our guides now; we get the consequence of that choice hereafter. God must be the safest guide. For he cannot be either ignorant or incompetent. He promises to guide us with his counsel now; and after that to receive us into glory. Can the infidel leader do as much as that for us?

Learning Together.

(By Ellen E. Kenyon Warner, in 'Canada Educational Monthly.')

'What can your children spell?' asked the superintendent in the first room. The teacher glibly answered, 'The Primer words to page 47, the days of the week, the months of the year, the twelve most common first names in the class, the seven colors, the four seasons, and this list of opposites—sweet, sour, hot, cold.'

The examiner tried them. They popped up in rows and jerked out their letters and syllables with such startling celerity that the examiner was beset by nervous doubt of his ability to give out words fast enough for them. He put on his best galop, however, and in an incredibly short time, the last little speller had dropped into his seat. Only six out of the fifty children had 'missed,' and in four of these cases the 'next' had caught up the word and rattled off its orthography before the examiner could be quite sure it had been misspelled. Mentally out of breath, but seeing in the gaze of the self-satisfied class that immediate and complimentary comment upon their performance was expected, he said under his breath,

'H'm! military discipline all day long. Too much of it.' Then he turned to the teacher and faced the difficulty of criticising without wounding a faithful worker.

He knew that in the next room the teacher would have but a few words upon which she could safely promise ninety percent of success in an exercise such as this. Besides those few, the children would be able to write many more in dictated sentences, some knowing familiarly words whose orthography others would ask for before attempting to write them. Indefinite are such results as this, and he had always felt dissatisfied with them because it was impossible to fit them justly to the examination blank in which he semi-annually framed the status of each teacher. He was an old education man, with a secret approval for that sort of teaching which would measure up in neat squares, and thus enable him to keep his records in shipshape for ready reference.

But this morning, he was stricken with sympathy for the children. The sensation, as excited by excellent scholastic achievement, was a new one, and he hardly knew what to make of it. This teacher had taken his cue, but had followed it to an extreme in which he dimly felt lay a lesson that might lead to a reversal of his theory of teaching. Feeling that the blame was chiefly his own, he said to the brightly confident little woman waiting before him for expected praise, 'I'll talk this over with you when there's more time. Just now, I will only say that I fear you are giving too much thought to the formal side of your work. You have done superiatively well in what you have attempted, but the aim is narrow and narrowing.'

The children saw the teacher's face fall as the examiner left the room, and knew that he had not admired her work as fully as she had expected he would. They saw it grow thoughtful, too, and to their surprise she sat down at her desk, dropped her hands in her lap, and looked at them silently, as if revolving some problem. She had never wasted so many moments in all their knowledge of her. They almost held their breath in anticipation of the next wonder.

Through the stillness there came to that energetic little woman a sense she had never given herself time to feel before—a sense of the great dependence of those little ones upon her leadership, and of her own responsibility toward them. 'Have I worked for them or for myself?' she asked, and her conscience smote her in the answer. To score a high mark as their teacher had been her aim. No teaching ideal of her own had she cherished. The superintendent's theory she had tried to serve, working as his subordinate. Neither conscience nor intellect had stirred in question of his infallibility until now that she had failed to please him. Self-accused and humbled, she sat before the children, whose souls, she believed, would some day call hers to account for whatever wrong she might have done them. What harm was she doing them?

With a sudden sense of the children's sympathy, she sat forward in an attitude of consultation. Who could tell her 'what harm,' if not the little ones themselves? She would get the clue to educational reform from them.

'Children,' she began, 'Mr. Jennings thinks you spell wonderfully well. I am wondering if we could have done anything that would have pleased him better. He is a kind-hearted man and loves children. If you were to meet him out of school, you would have real good times with him. What would you tell him if he were to visit your parents in their homes—if he were your uncle, say? Come! let us imagine that Mr. Jennings is our uncle. What shall we do to please him most? Spell words for him?'

'I'd tell him a story,' said one child timidly.

The teacher turned her thoughtful eyes upon Julie and smiled encouragingly as she asked, 'What story would you tell him, dear?'

Unaccustomed to such 'drawing out' as this, and feeling herself the incarnation for the moment of the general scare that pervaded the ranks in consciousness of the precious school minutes that were flying by 'unimproved,' Julie answered rather gaspingly, trying to say as much in as little time as possible, 'The story of the Ugly Duckling. It wasn't ugly when it was a swan.'

The teacher's gaze remained fixed upon Julie, and became absent as the effort to define the lesson of the moment abstracted her thought. Story telling! The children would revel in it, but how would that prosper their 'studies'? She had heard of myth study and biographical incident as a foundation for history, but had never given much attention to these fanciful theories. Her class must learn to spell.

'Children, we are going to take a few minutes to talk this over—perhaps half an hour, perhaps until lunch time. Do not let us feel hurried. We'll talk slowly for once. I want you to tell me just what is in your minds. Why do you think Mr. Jennings was not so pleased with us as we wanted him to be?'

A look of relief settled upon the class as they relaxed to the feeling that they might give their thoughts time to 'come out right end first,' as an older pupil of Miss Lamb's had once said.

'I think he didn't like it because some of us missed our words,' said one child after a pause.

'I don't,' rejoined another promptly. 'I think he was mad because I took up Leonard's word so quick.'

'We raced too much,' ventured a third, evidently in echo of his predecessor's thought. The pondering eyes were turned upon the last speaker.

'Perhaps we did, Bertie. But do you not think we ought to be praised for doing our work quickly?'

Emboldened by the air of receptivity which had suddenly transformed his teacher, Bertie answered: 'My mamma says I hurry too much in school, and then I come home and eat too fast at lunch time.'

'I'm afraid you do, Bertie,' said Miss Lamb slowly, 'I do myself, sometimes, and it is not good for either of us. But you and I must both learn that we must do some things quickly and some things slowly.' As she spoke, Miss Lamb wrote at the top of a pad that happened to lie before her, 'Learning together.' It was borne in upon her that there were lessons for her to learn in association with these children—lessons of whose necessity she had been quite unconscious.

'But I forget,' said Bertie.

'Yes, you forget,' repeated the teacher musingly. 'You reach the table in a nervous tremor from overpush during the morning at school, and are not wise enough to know that you must relax before you can digest your meal. I 'forget' myself. I need to practice relaxation and I must teach you the same art. Children, I am going to write something over here in this corner of the black board that is very important. I want all of you who can tell time to watch the clock toward the close of every morning session from now until promotion, and when it says a quarter of twelve to point to this writing. That will remind me that I must spend the last few minutes of the morning in getting you rested up for luncheon and in talking with you about how to take care of your bodies.'

1. Work rapidly.
2. Rest before eating.
3. Eat slowly.

'But now about the spelling. How can we learn so many words unless we give every spare minute to it, as we have done?'

'My cousin Nellie doesn't learn so many words, but she can write little letters,' suggested a pupil.

'How can she write letters without knowing how to spell a great many words?'

'If she doesn't know a word she asks her teacher.'

'But if I should help you by telling you the words, as Nellie's teacher does, you would not remember them as you do after hard study.'

'My big brother looks in the dictionary when he don't know a word,' ventured one upon whom it was dawning that somehow or other big people got along without carrying everything in their heads.

'Yes,' admitted Miss Lamb, 'that is an advantage that grown folks have. And you want me to be your dictionary until that time comes for you.'

The little brains were grasping the question sufficiently to feel that this would be a great relief from drudgery and not altogether wrong. A few faces showed distinct assent to the proposition.

'I've a good mind to try it,' thought the teacher. 'What an amount of labor it would save—and time, too, for something that is perhaps better worth while than the everlasting spelling drill. To be able to write little letters—how delighted the midgets would be!'

'But, children,' she continued, 'it is surely a fine thing to know things yourself, and not to have to ask other people. Suppose you wanted to write a letter out of school—you would be glad to know how to spell the names of the days and months.'

'That's what I said to Nellie, but she says, "What's the use of knowing how to write November when it's only May?"'

'Timeliness! Teach for present use.' Where had Miss Lamb heard those words? It did not matter. She would try to what extent she could apply them in her next term's work. Meantime she would ask Mr. Jennings if he thought the hint they contained at all practical. Perhaps he could help her in interpreting them. Or had he lessons to learn himself? She strongly suspected that she would find him a little vague as to what he wanted her to do next term. Some change would be encouraged—of that she felt convinced, and perhaps she (and the children) could help him to know what direction he would best like the change to take.

True Worth.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
  In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
  Of great things to do by-and-by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
  And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
  And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
  We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure—
  For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
  The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
  And straight for the children or men.

—Alice Cary.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The English Sparrow.

The parasitic finch, properly called the house-sparrow, but known throughout the United States as the English sparrow, was brought to this country first in 1850 from England. Other sparrow importations followed, and the bird multiplying prodigiously, had spread, by 1887, over the settled parts of nearly all the states from Maine to Alabama, and thence north-westerly to Missouri and Wisconsin.

He had also colonized here and there in other states and certain territories. To-day he is found in the cities and settled towns of nearly the entire country. Up to February, 1896, he had not reached the northern parts of Wyoming and Montana, the Staked Plains of Texas and New Mexico, or the larger portion of what is known as the Great Basin.

The sparrow was introduced into our country by individuals—and in one instance by a city government—in the belief that he would preserve the trees of towns and cities by destroying harmful insects.

At first he was fostered and coddled as no American bird had ever been. As he multiplied his popularity waned rapidly.

To-day, by nearly every observant resident of the United States, and emphatically by naturalists, he is pronounced a pest, who adds to the serious injury he does us not a few annoyances well classed as insults. Common observation fully proves against him the following charges, with many others which cannot be here specified:

1. He is unclean. Outdoor statuary is defiled, and cemetaries, residences, and public buildings, are kept foul externally by this bird, and his colonizings rapidly force the destruction of ornamental vines trained upon houses and churches.

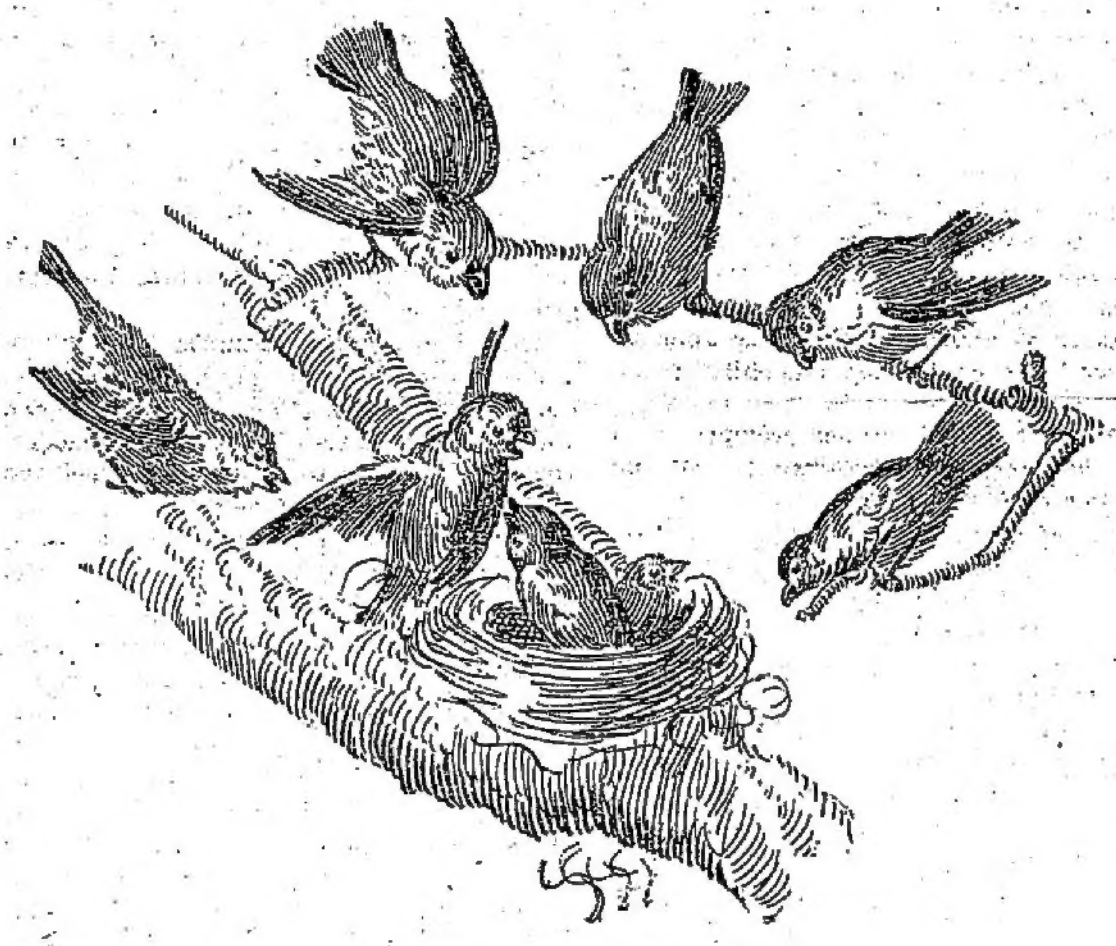
2. His habitual note is a noisy, joyless 'clink,' which to invalids and most other persons is offensive.

3. He is a most injurious robber and destroyer. When the sparrow can find enough of such matter, he mostly lives upon partly digested grain from street droppings; when he cannot, he rapaciously spoils orchards, vineyards, gardens and grainfields, or pilfers poultry food. As the horse disappears from our streets, the sparrow will turn more and more to these other sources of supply, and to the eggs and young of American birds, which he now frequently destroys. The sparrow at times feeds his young upon injurious insects, but

4. He is a persecutor and supplanter of numerous highly useful and delightful American birds—many of them sweet songsters—which, if let alone, would destroy far more injurious insects than the sparrow ever molests. From this fact probably arises the alarming increase here of the devastating 'vaporer' moth.

Quite to the point is this fresh story, just told me by a prominent American ornithologist.

'Last summer,' says this observer, 'I noticed up in a pear tree of my suburban garden, a pair of "least flycatchers"—true native insect destroyers, hardly as large as undersized canaries—defending their pretty, compact nest against a dozen English sparrows. The sparrows, in concert, moved about the nest in a gradually narrowing circle, keeping up a sort of death-dance like



DEFENDING THE NEST.

the capers of cannibals about a stake-bound victim.

"The plucky little nest-proprietors flung themselves furiously upon the evil army, occasionally knocking a sparrow fairly over; but the circle slowly narrowed, and at last both flycatchers fell rather than flew, completely beaten out, to the lower limbs of the tree. There, with outspread wings, they lay panting. The sparrows now closed in on the nest and began to pick it to pieces, tossing mouthfuls of it, in mere malice as it seemed, to right and left.

'Soon an evil-looking sparrow sprang to its rim, and peered down in the notorious manner of the feathered egg-thief. But at that instant one of the flycatchers, restored, flashed into sight, and drove the intruder helter-skelter. Then the mate came, and the noble little pair, darting desperately upon the robber gang, triumphantly routed it!'

'Those sparrows never came back. The flycatchers raised their brood in "peace with honor."'

This is refreshing testimony. Unfortunately, however, the native bird yields speedily, as a rule, to the outnumbering interloper.

From street, park and garden in and about our cities and larger towns the pest-sparrow has nearly or totally expelled almost every native bird once haunting there. Less than twenty years ago my home on a busy street of a city, was graced by the long stay of the white-bellied and barn-swallow, the song and chipping sparrow, the robin and the Baltimore oriole,—all of whom bred about it—and by the seasonal appearance and generous remaining of the chickadee, cedar bird, downy woodpecker, yellow warbler, red-eyed vireo, bluebird, snowbird, fox-colored sparrow, thistle finch, brown creeper, white-bellied nuthatch, and other gentle native birds.

DEPARTURE OF NATIVE BIRDS.

Excepting a few reluctant robins, they long ago gave place to the intruder. About the Massachusetts State-House barn swallows bred not long ago. They, too, have fled before the sparrow.

Boston Common is nearly desolate now, from year's end to year's end, of every bird but the wrong one. Walking over it recently before leafing-out time, I could not find—except one robin's nest—a trace of the nest of any American bird.

In the lofty elms, where formerly hung nest after nest, woven purse-fashion by our master-workman, the Baltimore oriole, I could discover in the way of bird-homes only unsightly heaps of trash thrown together for nurseries by the parasite.

Such, in substance, is the state of affairs all over our country, wherever the English sparrow has obtained full lodgment. I firmly believe this departure of American birds to be due not to mere cowardice, but rather to a highly honorable wish to bring up their children apart from unclean, prying, loud-mouthed—I had almost said profane—and quarrel-picking sparrow neighbors!

Has the English sparrow actually destroyed our birds in quantity, or only driven them to a distance? We cannot certainly say. There is ground for fearing that he has in many districts killed off the house-wren.

Most of our other urban birds have retreated to country districts or the wilderness where, alas! the pest is following them—and it is possible, though hardly probable, that their ranks are still unthinned.

Other evil deeds of these interlopers are the choking of street-lamps, and roof-drains with nest-rubbish, the defiling of cistern water, the endangering of founderies by their readily-ignited nests, the ruining—at the South—of thatched roofs, the destruction of useful insects, and the harboring of the eggs or pupae of devastating insects like the gipsy-moth, in and under their nests.

To offset his proved harm the English sparrow can truly plead no practical or sentimental good whatever, discernible to most unprejudiced persons. He is probably less entitled to protection than the common rat, and like the rat, is probably destined to abide with us. Can we, then, lessen the harm of the sparrows by diminishing his numbers?

In the Eastern United States, though he still swarms there, he seems to be lessening slightly; perhaps because his natural eastern enemies, the little saw-whet owl and mottled owl, have followed him to populous centres, and are even beginning to breed in city spires. The sharp-shinned hawk, another Eastern enemy, has also followed him to town, as has the Northern shrike.

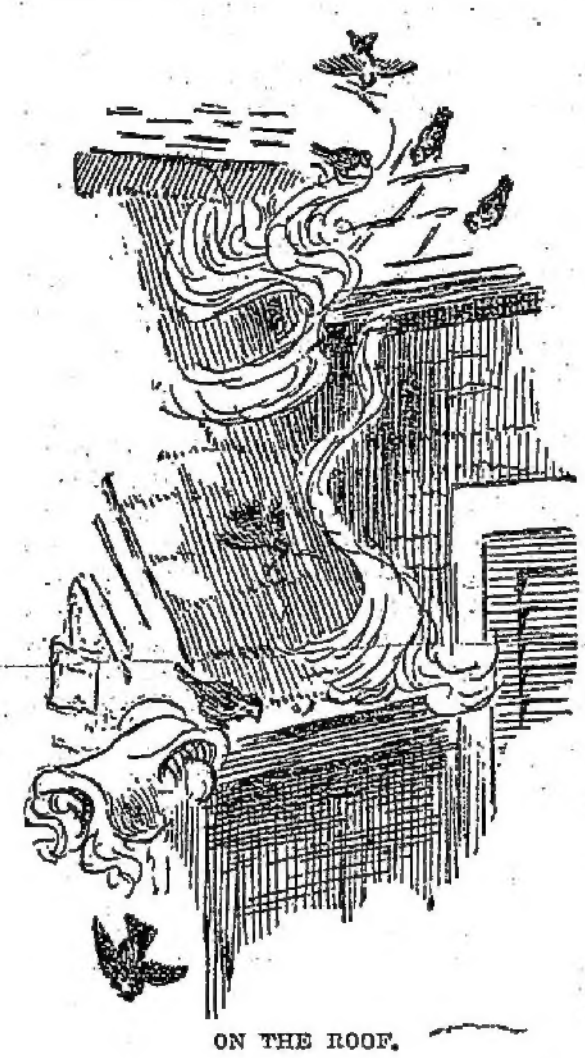
Despite the sparrow's obtrusive familiarity, he is perhaps the most wary bird upon

this continent. 'I have never yet been able,' says an expert observer, 'to trap suburban sparrows by any device whatever. Last spring as an experiment, I spread oats, untrapped, and unpoisoned, in my garden. The sparrows, fearing some plot, never touched an oat.

HOW A NUISANCE MAY BE ABATED.

'One day a casual flock of snowbirds settled on the oats. The sparrows waited just long enough to make sure that these visitants were unharmed, then swept down on the grain and finished it.'

By a device like the old-fashioned pigeon-net the sparrow may, however, be trapped in quantities, and then mercifully killed, and, in some localities, used for food. Their nests, too, may be systematically destroyed; either method, followed without wantonness, is assuredly justifiable. Our native birds



ON THE ROOF.

may be aided also by stopping and preventing wild-land fires, by repressing predatory cast, and that scourge, the unlawful 'egg-collector,' and by protecting about cities the little owls, the sharp-shinned hawk and shrike. In addition to this there is no reason why our young men who are constantly shooting game should not wage constant war against these sparrows. They make as good eating as sand-birds.

Let me add that if our Agassiz Societies will concertedly ask the Division of Economic Ornithology, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D.C., the question: 'What shall we do to protect American birds from the English sparrow?' and then act in the right spirit on the answer returned to them, we may yet have all about us our dear native birds again.

FLETCHER OSGOOD.

The Astronomy Of Holiness.

Thou centre of all time and space,
Thou throne of law, thou fount of grace,
Thou meeting-point of heaven and earth,
Thou lightning-rod, 'neath skies wrath-riven,
Thou altar, where Christ died for me,
My soul salutes Thee—Calvary.

—'Christian Ambassador.'

Preserved Dates.

(Mary E. Q. Brush in 'Congregationalist.')

The sleighing was poor and the old cutter went bumpety-bump over frozen ruts and wayside stones upon which the early morning frost still lay like soft, white plush. Delight was so busily engaged in thinking that she quite forgot the jolting, and as she sat there, her dark eyes sparkling, her round cheeks pinched a cherry red, her hair straying in little, fluttering curls from out the border of her white hood, she made such a pretty picture that the passers-by, in looking at her, never thought of the old, moth-eaten buffalo robe and the queer, clumsy cutter with the paint worn from its sides.

'January the seventh!' Delight had said that morning. 'A whole week of the new year gone! Maybe, seeing it's so late in the season, I can get a real nice diary very cheap; I should think they'd mark 'em down low, as they do everything else.'

But when, two hours later, Delight returned from town and entered the house, there was a look of dissatisfaction on her face. The diary she drew from her muff and tossed contemptuously into her little cherry desk was very inferior looking indeed.

'I suppose it was silly of me to think that maybe my thirty cents would buy a nice, white and gold diary with ribbon bows, hand-painted calendar and all that!' she exclaimed, sadly, as she removed her wraps and curled herself up in a comfortable, round ball in the big rocking-chair.

The house was very quiet. Grandma was upstairs taking her afternoon nap. It was not time yet for the children to be home from school.

'I don't see why I was named Delight,' the young girl soliloquized. 'I'm sure there isn't much "delight" in my life! Delight Partridge is a queer combination, anyhow. Tom says it makes him think of a "game supper." No, there isn't much real delight in my life. Here am I, eighteen years old, with lots of cares that other girls don't have. It's four years since mother died, and they've been hard years, too. Sometimes I've been so discouraged! Yet it seems as though I'd done the best I could. I've watched over grandma, tried to make things comfortable for father, and then the children—my, haven't they been a care! Tom rough and noisy; Adele, teasing for this and that to wear; and the twins forever bursting off buttons!

'I don't know what I'd do if it weren't for the beautiful thoughts that come to me sometimes. There are nights when I am up in my room alone and can look out of the window and see the whole valley lying white and still; the dark blue sky bends very low then and heaven doesn't seem to be very far away; the moonlight shines down brightly, and all across the white snow are glittering pathways of silver. Then the first days in early spring, when the sunlight and warmth are so pleasing that it seems good to be alive. The trees down by the river wear a light green veil and the apple orchard is a huge pink and white bouquet.

'I wonder if grandma felt as I do when she was young—or old Mrs. Deacon Tait.' (Here a little gurgle of laughter ran down Delight's white throat.) 'Mrs. Tait showed me her diary one day. It ran something like this: "Dec. 1. Made four mince pies and two apple. Fixed a feather-tick. Dec. 2. Baked beans and had a boiled dinner and patched the deacon's overalls in the seat. Dec. 3. Deacon killed the hogs and I tried out the lard. Dec. 4. Made sausages and liverwurst."

'Who cares if she did? I don't care whether or not my descendants know just the date I "tried out lard," but I would like them to know of some beautiful day when I was happy and at peace with all things; when earth and sky—yes, and myself—were at their best. That's what I want a nice, big diary for—to put down my thoughts and feelings; and now to think of that miserable little book with two days on one page—O, dear!'

The clock chimed in with Delight's exclamation by striking the hour of four, and a few minutes later the children trooped in from school.

'I've got a new piece to speak next Friday,' said thirteen-year-old Tom, as he strutted out into the kitchen, his hands thrust in his pockets and his eyes fixed complacently on his legs (Tom had celebrated the new year by donning long trousers).

'What is your "piece"?' Delight asked.

'Kind of old-fashioned thing, but pretty good; I've got it about learned.' And, striking an attitude against the sink, Tom began:

'We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats the quickest, lives the longest;
Lives in one hour more than in years do some,
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins.
Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.'

Delight paused midway in the kitchen, the red tea-caddy in her hand. Something in her nature thrilled responsively at the noble words. She pondered over them as she waited on the family at the table, pouring out the tea, spreading innumerable slices of bread and butter. Later in the evening, with a possible half-hour of her own, she was still thinking of Tom's 'piece' as she sat down by her desk and drew out her new little diary.

Tom, glancing up from his algebra, caught sight of the dingy gilt '1898.' 'New diary, eh? Little one, isn't it! But,' with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, 'I say, Delight, it's just big enough to have you put down one thing in it—my birthday! Next Thursday, no matter what the weather! I am to have a cake—cocoanut, with frosting a mile thick. I want a gold collar button, too, and a necktie and anything else that my loving relatives think of! Don't forget the date, the twelfth.'

Delight sat very quietly at her desk, but into her face came the glow of sudden inspiration. It was born of the grand words of Tom's 'piece,' followed by his own gay suggestion.

'I wanted to put myself into my diary,' she said, mentally, 'but it will be far better to put other folks in!'

She turned over the thin pages and drew a circle round the date of Tom's birthday, then followed on till she came to her father's, Feb. 1. The twins came in March; Adele, as Tom sometimes said, wickedly, 'came near being a fool, but, fortunately, not quite!' Her birthday was on April 2. Delight ran over the names of her various relatives. She was surprised to find out how few she remembered.

'I must find out every one!' she said, emphatically. 'Of course, I can't send them

expensive gifts, but I can send a pretty card or a letter with kind words and good wishes.'

And, as time passed on, few pages of the despised little diary lacked the name of somebody's birthday. Tom called it the 'Book of Preserved Dates,' or 'Miss Delight Partridge's Recipes for Happiness!' When Papa Partridge's birthday came it was ushered in by all the children marching into the dining-room, where he sat at table, and each one reciting a verse appropriate for the occasion—said verses having been laboriously composed by Tom and his sister Adele. And, though the metre may not have been perfect, the sentiments expressed therein were very gratifying.

With grandma's birthday came old Mrs. Dobbin from White's Corners. Delight had invited her to spend the day, knowing that she was one of grandma's earliest friends and one whom she had long yearned to see. There was an especially good dinner that day, and Delight felt well repaid for her efforts at seeing the two white-capped old ladies at the dinner table, chattering away like a couple of school-girls.

There were others besides relatives whose birthdays Delight remembered. Miss Sheard, the little tailoress at the Corners, never forgot the beautiful spring morning when Delight drove up with Old Major and called out so cheerily: 'I am going over to Jarvisville, Miss Tabby; don't you want to go along?' And, trembling with excitement, Miss Sheard dropped goose and pressboard, and, donning her blanket-shawl and hood, was soon hurrying along the road where the drifts were fast melting, the far-away willows hanging out their silvery-grey pussy-tails and, up on the hills, the crows were cawing over the increasing geniality of the sun. Will poor, faded-cheeked Miss Tabby ever forget that ride? How many times she has described it!

'Delight was jest as kind! She went half-a-mile out of her way to drive into the cemetery and let me see the new tombstone Brother Hiram had put up over ma's grave last fall. I'd wanted to go before, but it was too far to walk and I couldn't afford a rig. And when I saw the stone so pure and white, with the morning sun shinin' on it, and some leetle crocuses and snowdrops that I'd planted over a year ago blossomin' on the grave, why, somehow, everything bein' so sweet an' peaceful all around, I couldn't help feeling as though ma herself wa'n't far away, and I was so happy that I cried, and Delight, she patted me on the back and said, "There! there! no tears on your birthday, dear Miss Tabby!" Howsoever that blessed girl found out that it was my birthday I'm sure I don't know!'

Then there was old Mrs. Deardon, who lived down in the 'Hollow' and earned her living by washing and scrubbing for other folks. A hard life had Mrs. Deardon, and not much to cheer her, unless it was the consciousness of doing her duty and being very patient. And after fifty-five years—the greatest part of which had been spent with mop and washboard just as Mrs. Deardon was beginning the first day of the fifty-sixth year, celebrating it by hanging out an unusually large washing, who should march in at the gate but Delight Partridge! In her arms she bore, wrapped up in newspapers, a beautiful primrose all abloom with ruffled pink flowers.

'I raised it myself, Mrs. Deardon, and it's been growing all the summer and fall, and is full of blossoms just in time for your birthday.'

'My stars!' exclaimed the washerwoman, as she took the brown pot in her moist arms, almost hugging it, 'I haven't had a birthday present since my John was with me, fifteen years ago! John liked primroses so much! His mother was a German, and you know the Germans are so fond of flowers, and before he was taken sick my husband's garden hadn't an equal in the whole country!'

When the year came to its close Delight found that the cheap little diary had performed its mission very creditably. Scarcely a page was left blank; scores of them bore records, modestly written, of kind remembrances for others. 'And O, it's so much better, Delight said to herself, so much better that way, than to fill a big book with my own troubles, discontented feelings or sentimental musings, or—or "trying out lard."'

'Unto This Last.'

(By Mrs. Flower.)

In one of the back streets of a large town a most repulsive but too common exhibition might have been seen at the close of one dull winter day, that of a drunken woman propped up against the angle of a wall, making futile attempts to ward off the attacks of a band of young roughs who, in high delight, were baiting the wretched creature by tugging at ragged shawl and draggled skirts, knocking her scare-crow bonnet over her eyes, and aiming pellets of black mud at her already sufficiently blackened countenance, keeping up the while a running accompaniment of coarse jeers that roused the fiery temper of the victim to such a pitch that, suddenly stiffening her swaying form, she burst into a very hurricane of rage, and catching her nearest assailant by the collar, banged his head so viciously and repeatedly against the wall that in a moment it was streaming with blood.

Loud screams of wrath and pain from the lad brought a stolid policeman pretty quickly to the spot, at whose appearance the disreputable witnesses to the fray scuttled off like beetles at a flare of gaslight, leaving their unfortunate companion writhing in the virago's clutch until the officer strode up and calmly rescued him.

'You're in for three months this time, Moll,' was his composed remark when the boy's bleeding visage was exposed to sight; 'an' a good thing too, you old pest, for it's the shame o' the street you are! Now, just stop that howling, young 'un, an' come along this side o' me while I shuts her up, then we'll see where you live; you'll be wanted to show these beauty-marks at the court to-morrow, and give evidence, you know,' concluded the policeman with a grin, for he and Bob were old acquaintances.

A still more dismal howl greeted his words; the squirming young reprobate's previous appearances at the court had not been of a pleasurable kind, and a repetition of the same was not to be desired.

'I an't adone nuffin to her,' he protested, 'it's her as 'as nearly done for me; what's I to be took up for, then?'

'Who's a goin' to take you up this go, stupid? You've just got to show your broken head to the Bench, an' it'll cost her three months, for she's about the baddest lot as comes afore his worship. Shut up, will you!' he cried with an angry jerk of his prisoner's arm, rendered necessary by the violent struggle of the captive, who forthwith lost her balance, and spite of the man's detaining grasp, fell prostrate on the mud and mire of the unclean pavement, one of the saddest spectacles that angels or men beheld that night.

With some difficulty the officer set her upright once more, then duly locked her up; as duly she received her sentence next morning of three months' imprisonment.

Three months in a clean cell might seem to some of us a happy exchange for the sort of life that this particular prisoner had led for the greater part of her threescore years, for to Mary Brown, familiarly known as Mother Moll, cleanliness and sobriety and decent speech were simply odious; to her utterly debased nature abstinence from the vices on which she had so long battened was intolerable, and during the first month of her sentence poor Moll knew something of the very pains of hell—that is, if rage, and hatred, and a maddening sense of helplessness to burst the bolts and bars which shut her out from the things she loved, may be accepted as the earthly symbols of that place of doom.

But an ancient singer of Israel once said: 'If I go down to hell, thou art there,' and even so this lost soul found it to be.

The female warder of that part of the prison which contained her cell was a good woman, who was ever on the look out to speak a word in season, and though debarred by its rules from all saving official intercourse with convicts, had yet the pleasure of placing within reach of them all a form of prayer and a hymn-book, a privilege which she had most faithfully used, notwithstanding the poverty of results hitherto, so far as she could judge. Many of those who came and went could not even read; of the rest few even opened the two sober-looking little volumes, and her efforts seemed as water spilled on the ground. Yet they did not cease, and Mary Brown found, as all others had done before her, the prayer and hymn-book on a shelf by the side of her bed. She scarcely glanced at them for some weeks, but when at length the violence of passion sank down into sullen endurance, and a sense of desperate weariness, she took down the hymn-book with a sardonic laugh at the idea of such a thing coming into her hands. The leaves, as she snatched it hastily from the shelf, fell open at the words—

'I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest,"'

and somehow they took strange hold of her hard heart.

Moll was no common sinner, and she never remembered having entered any place of worship in her life. But dim recollections of having heard a street preacher say something about One who had borne this name in some far-off time, when he went about doing good, until put to death by cruel hands, woke up within her more and more vividly as she read and re-read the several verses. Their pathos, their tender invitations, their promises of deliverance, of rest, touched her with strong emotion, and day by day she pondered over them until they were firmly impressed in her memory. Then the prayer-book was looked into, and at last, with great surprise and awe, Moll began to understand that she—even she—had a Father in Heaven.

She made no outward sign, however, and with a sigh the kind-hearted warder said good-bye to her at the close of her term of imprisonment, never dreaming of what had come to pass. Her dolorous duties weighed very heavily on her that day. No single grain of her feeble sowing ever seemed to bear fruit, and for a moment her treadings had well-nigh slipped. The old steadfast faith wavered, but it did not fail. 'I can but do what I can,' she reasoned, 'and maybe more good is effected than one sees.'

So with set purpose the accustomed plan was persevered with year after year, and Mary Brown had altogether faded out o

mind, when one evening there came a young lad bringing an urgent request from a dying woman that she would go to see her without delay.

'Who is she? Where does she live? What can she want with me?' were her rapid inquiries.

'We call her "Mother Moll." I doesn't know her right name. She wor a bad 'un once, they say, but that wor afore my time,' answered the lad. 'She wor a good 'un to me, I knows,' he continued with a dash at his eyes with his ragged cuff; 'picked me ont of the gutter, she did, an' has kept me ivver since. You'd better come quick, for the doctor chap says as she can't last much longer, and she just won't die till she's seed ye. She said as how you'd be off duty now, and could start back wi' me.'

'I can, and will. But it's odd that she should know my off-times. Has she—has she ever been here, do you think?'

'Like enough—I don't know, and I don't care. She's downright good now, I tell yer. She's a hangel, she is. But, oh, please come quick!'

In a few minutes the two were walking at a sharp pace to that same squalid street where, ten years before, a policeman had carried a drunken, sinful woman to the lock-up, and it was to her bedside that the lad now conducted his companion.

A broken, shrunken being she was, and so changed from the brutish object of the past, that Mrs. W—— did not recognize her until a smile like sunshine broke over the worn face, and taking her two hands in her feeble clasp, the dying woman said, with tears:

'Don't you remember me? I'm Mary Brown that got three months for hurtin' a lad badly long ago.'

'Mary Brown? Oh, yes, I do recollect you now—but how changed—how blessedly changed! Who or what has done it?'

'You—you put that hymn-book on the shelf—an' I read about him—an' his voice seemed allus callin', callin' day an' night, "Come unto me; come unto me;" an' before my time was up I made a promise to myself that neither drink, nor worse things even than that (for I've been bad, honey; oh! worse than such as you can even understand) should hinder me from goin' to him, since he'd have me; but I couldn't say a word; it was all so new an' strange; for all bad ways seemed hateful, an' I didn't know what it meant; but when the old lot came round me again, expectin' things to go on as they had seen em' afore, I told 'em all that I'd found a new life, an' never, never could go back to what had been, not if they killed me for it! There was a good deal to suffer for a long time—taunts, an' blows, an' hunger; but at last they let me be; an' I got bits of honest work when I could, starvin' when I couldn't; an' now an' then a chance came of helpin' one an' another worse off than myself; an' ladies from mission halls came to me talkin' so sweet about him; but oh, honey, it was you, you as I've got to thank for all!'

'Not me—not me,' said the good warder, scarcely able to speak in her wonder and thankfulness.

With a last expiring effort Moll gasped out:

'I know—I know it was all his doin'—but 'twas you that put the hymn'——Then she died.

These events took place some years ago; poor Moll and her earthly saviour are now probably standing side by side.

'For the ways of men are narrow, but the gates of heaven are wide.'

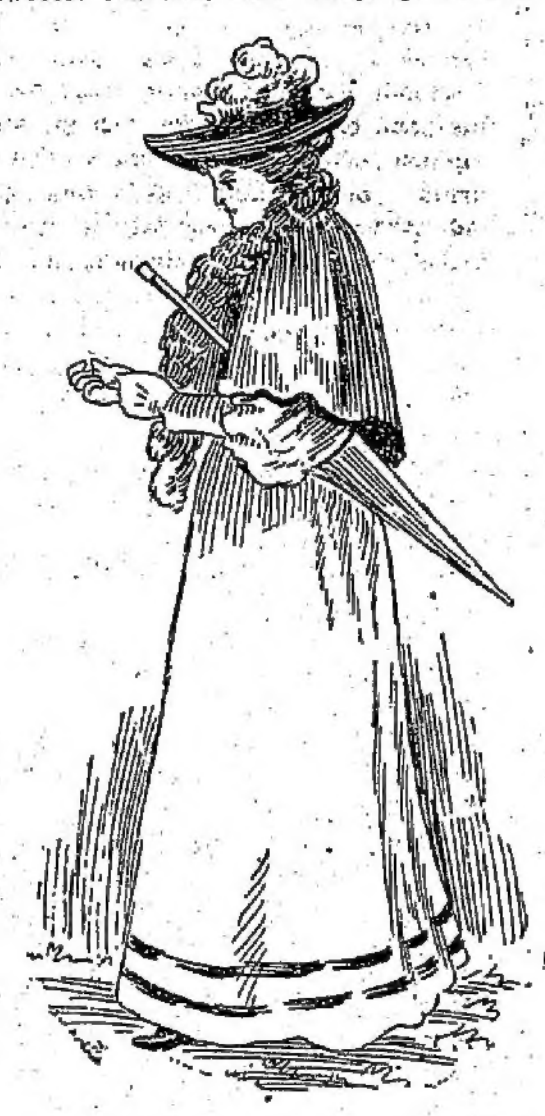
Drink had been the beginning and end of her miserable career; and it was only during the enforced sobriety of her imprisonment that the good seed could find lodgment in her heart, for no one ever heard of man or woman turning from their evil ways when actually dazed by drink. To give them a chance of recovery we must at least restore to them the control of their faculties; and for this end what agency can compare with the power of the temperance pledge?—Scottish Temperance League Monthly Pictorial Tract.

Good Looks and Dress.

A TALK TO GIRLS.

('Silver Link.')

When I was a young girl I was constantly warned that looks were a snare, and enjoined to keep away from the mirror, vanity being discerned by my mentors in the act of gazing at one's face in the glass. My dear mother, who had been a beauty in her youth, told me that her people had so impressed upon her mind the fact that her lovely dark red hair was a thing to deplore, that for years she never even looked in a mirror if she could possibly help it, though against this opinion might have been set the testimony of some of her contemporaries that she was 'like a rose in June.' Indeed, to the latest day of her long life this dear lady was as fair a picture as one could see, perhaps the sweeter that she was always persuaded in



her own mind that she was not particularly comely. But no one else shared her belief.

Now, girls, as this is to be a little confidential talk among ourselves, I am going to admit to you that I am not in sympathy with the old-fashioned notions. I believe in a proper regard for looks, and in placing the right estimate upon them. Handsome is that handsome does, of course. But nevertheless, there is a perfectly legitimate way of caring for one's appearance, and there is no especial virtue in going about in a careless, heedless fashion which offends the eyes and taste of others.

By right of youth, every girl has a certain beauty all her own. The years as they come bring gifts in their hands to young people in the teens and the twenties. But to keep those gifts you must take pains to preserve intact that inheritance of health which is your capital stock for life. Sometimes we are foolishly wasteful of this capital in youth, and we lose it, or impair it, or use up its reserves, and the train of headache, neuralgia, and other baleful ills which follow in the wake of our mistakes, is the penalty of our sinful improvidence. I will illustrate my meaning by an incident which came to my knowledge this week.

'What is the matter,' I asked, 'with Constance? She looks so fagged and worn-out; there are hollows in her cheeks and great shadows under her eyes, and she seems either to be on the verge of an illness, or else she has been ill and is not getting well fast enough.'

'Constance,' said the friend of whom I enquired, 'is burning her candle at both ends. She works hard in her office all day. Then, in the evening she is tired, so she goes to her room, throws herself down, and sleeps till ten o'clock, and then she gets up and writes at her desk until two or three o'clock. I suppose you have done the same thing, haven't you?'

'Never in my whole life!' I answered indignantly. 'I have always taken the day for labor and the night for rest. And Constance will kill herself if this goes on. It will simply have to be stopped!'

A little thought will convince any young girl that she must sleep in the blessed darkness of the night. You want long, quiet sleep by night, hours of it, coming after your bible verses and your evening prayer.

Besides sleep, in the interest of health and good looks, you also need bathing. A daily morning bath, either tepid or cold, as you prefer, tones your nerves, and gives you a splendid start for the day. Never think you have not time for this. It does not require much time, and it pays in the glow it leaves in the skin, and the dancing vitality of the blood.

Be very tidy in matters of dress. A girl reveals her character in the way she dresses, and loose or missing buttons on her shoes; rough and neglected hair, teeth which show signs of unwholesome decay, soiled and ripped gloves, and dress which is tawdry and pretentious, are indices which observant people read to the girl's detriment. Be tidy. A girl should be trim, neat, compact, and if in business, dressed for service. Don't go trailing through dusty and muddy streets in long dresses, which are appropriate for the drawing-room, but out of place in a shop or office. Don't even let your dresses touch the street by as much as the rim of their outermost hem.

In the interest of good looks and of health I want to counsel you against a subtle temptation, which walks into your house in the guise of an angel of light, and is a veritable demoniac agent before you are done with it, if once you fall into its clutches. Do not tamper with drugs. Take no medicine unless a physician tells you to do so, and writes the formula for you over his signature.

Short Sermons By Deacon Short.

Too many church members want the little end of every church burden, if they lift at all.

The man who does his whole duty in the church has little time left to complain about others.

Many a man who refuses his wife the real comforts of life, will put a costly stone over her grave.

If pastors could declare cash dividends at every prayer meeting, what crowds would be on hand!

The person to whom religion is sad and doleful, must have gotten it from some other book than the bible.

Some people are so satisfied that the pastor will say just the right thing that they sleep through most of the sermon.—'Michigan Advocate.'

A Strange Follower.

In a certain street off one of the main thoroughfares of the Borough, bearing not the best of characters, I was one afternoon making a few calls, when I noticed a big, hulking fellow standing at a corner, closely watching me. I judged from his appearance that he had been drinking, though he was fairly steady on his legs. There was at the time a great 'strike' on in the South of London. As I was about to pass him the man suddenly stepped in front of me.

'I say, guv'ner, wot's th' little game on now?'

'That's my business,' I replied, looking him straight in the face.

'We don't want any ——— interferin' down here,' he said, speaking roughly.

'I'm not interfering with anyone, simply about my business.'

'An' I'll find out what yer bizness is, if I follers yer till midnight,' interlarding his speech with sundry oaths unnecessary to record.

'Come along then; there will be no difficulty about that,' and I walked on.

I hardly thought he would do so, but he seemed in earnest about the matter and started off, keeping about a dozen yards behind as I passed along two or three short streets. Rather amused, though somewhat puzzled to know what to do with the man, I thought it would do no harm if I could get him down to the Hall, and therefore took the next turn in that direction.

'Come along,' said I, as he seemed to be lagging a little behind; 'there's nothing to be afraid of.'

'Who's afeard?' and he hurried up a little.

Coming to the Hall, I quietly opened a side door and invited him to enter a passage leading to one of the ante-rooms. He hesitated for a moment.

'Honor bright, guv'ner—no bobbies about?'

'Certainly not; I've no business with them. Come along; there's nothing to be afraid of.'

'Who's afeard?' and without more ado he followed me into one of the rooms, used as an office or a committee room. It was plainly furnished, but the walls were adorned with the portraits of temperance veterans well known in the South of London, who seemed to be looking down, watching with interest what was then taking place. Who shall say they are not actually with us in spirit, even as we know they are ever with us in the splendid records of their lives?'

'Now, then,' said I, taking down from the cupboard a pledge-book and placing it before him, 'my business is to take from you the teetotal pledge!'

'Good Lor'!'

This exclamation was not made in reference to my remark in respect to business, his whole attention being fixed on one of the portraits so that he did not seem to hear what I had been saying.

'What's the matter?' asked I.

'Why, that's M——! He's lookin' at me! I can feel th' touch o' his hand on my shoulder!' and, his whole frame trembling with excitement, he sat down, or rather fell into a chair just behind him.

I could see that he was strangely moved by some memory of the past the sight of the portrait had recalled, so quietly watched him for a minute or so. He sat staring at the portrait for a while, and then began, as if talking to it:

'Don't ee look at me like that, mister. I won't do it, s'help me God!' and he bowed his head on the table, shaking his big frame with sobs.

I thought I would give him time to recover himself in his own way, and did not therefore disturb the poor fellow. Presently he looked up.

'I say, guv'ner, I made a mistake in follerin' you. I was half drunk at th' time or I shouldn't 'a' done it, but I'm sober enough now, no fear,' and he rose up as if to go.

'Please keep your seat,' said I; 'you haven't yet heard what I have to say about my business.'

'I begs your pardon, an' I'm very sorry I interfered wi' you in any way.'

'Then you'll listen while I just explain that my business is to take your name in this pledge-book,' and I pushed it towards him.

'I say, guv'ner, do you know what little job I'd got in hand when I spoke to you at the corner?

'Certainly not, and I don't wish to know, unless you desire to tell me.'

'I'd better out with it, guv'ner. I shall be a bit easier in my mind then. When I stopped you at th' corner I was waitin' for a pal o' mine, an' we was goin' to have another drop or two an' then off into th' country to crack a crib as had bin marked; a matter as might have ended not only in robbery but in murder, for we're neither on us very particular when on a job. When I came in here an' saw that face lookin' down on me, 'twer all up wi' crackin'. I could see his eyes fixed on me, an' feel his hand on my shoulder, an' hear his voice whisperin' in my ear, just th' same as he did when I was goin' wrong twenty years ago.'

'He being dead yet speaketh,' I said, 'and you have only to look into his face to think of what he is now saying.'

'I can see him now, guv'ner, as plain as I can see that pictur'. I was comin' out o' th' Lambeth Baths. "George," said he, puttin' his hand on my shoulder, "let me warn you against evil men, bad ways, and strong drink; you are goin' the wrong road, my lad; turn round at once, take th' first turnin' to th' right, an' keep straight on. Let the first step be to sign th' pledge, my lad." He seems to be speakin' now just in th' same way. I can't think what made me foller you, gov'ner, or what made you bring me down here.'

'Perhaps it was the hand of God. He might have brought us together here to give you another opportunity of following the wise counsel you then neglected. I feel this to be a very solemn moment. Let this opportunity slip and such another may never come. Now is the accepted time, to-day is the day of salvation.'

I again called his attention to the pledge-book, dipped a pen in some ink, and held it out to him. He took the pen in his hand and made as if to sign; then suddenly dropped it on the table

'Wot's th' good? I've gone too fur down th' wrong road to turn back now.'

'No, you have not,' I replied; 'remember the words spoken—take the first turning to the right and keep straight on. You are now close to that turning. Man, alive! don't pass it, for you may never come to another!'

'Well, then, here goes!' and without further hesitation he took up the pen and signed his name; then looking up at me, asked in quick, decisive tones, quite unlike his previous mode of speech, 'Now, guy'ner, wot's the next move?'

I was rather taken to by the abruptness of the man, and hesitated for a moment as to the 'next move,' but, obeying an inward impulse, I said:

'Let us pray.'

One does not care to write more as to this, but I might say that when we again sat down, and tried to look at one another, neither could see very clearly by reason of the dimness.

'You have taken the first turn to the right, George—for that appears to be your name. Keep straight on, and you will soon find yourself in a new world. I expect you will have to do a bit of fighting, but pull yourself together and stand up to it like a man. You'll never want for a helper as long as Christ lives, and that is for ever.'

The man sprang suddenly from his seat, and smiting his great chest with one hand, he lifted the other on high, crying aloud:

'In God's name, I'll win!'

'That's the way,' said I.

He then dropped into his chair again, turning pale, as if overcome by some thought or feeling.

'What is the matter, George?' I asked.

'I—I wur thinkin' about th' missis an' th' two kids,' and he bowed his head on the table.

I have often thought how strangely mysterious is the quickening of a man's conscience, even when it seems, as it does in some cases, hopelessly dead. Thus the conscience of David was suddenly and fully quickened by the simple word-picture of the ewe lamb drawn by the prophet. So also as regards the subject of our little story. One glance at the portrait of a noble Christian worker with whom, years before, he had been brought into some relationship, suddenly quickens the conscience. Moreover, the quickening is as full as it is sudden, otherwise why should the man be so touched by the thought of his wife and children, for whom he had not before cared with even the instinct of a brute. It must be that the spirit of God works with the rapidity of lightning. Though I have in many similar cases tried to watch the effects thus rapidly shown, it is impossible for me to give any psychological explanation.

George went home that evening—of course, I went with him—a changed man, and he is now enjoying the new world in which he lives, a useful as well as a happy Christian worker. It is unnecessary to say that the best portrait to be obtained of M—— occupies the place of honor in his regenerated home.—'Temperance Record.'

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The streets were white with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long,
Jostled aside by the careless throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of 'school let out,'
Come happy boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep;
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her,
So weak and timid, afraid to stir,
Lest the carriage wheels, or the horses' feet,
Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop
The gayest boy of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
'I'll help you across, if you wish to go.'

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so without hurt or harm
He guided the trembling feet along.
Proud that his own were young and strong;
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

'She's somebody's mother, boys, you know
For all she's aged and poor and slow:
And someone some time, may lend a hand
To help your mother—you understand?—
If ever she's old and poor and gray,
And her own dear boy so far away.'

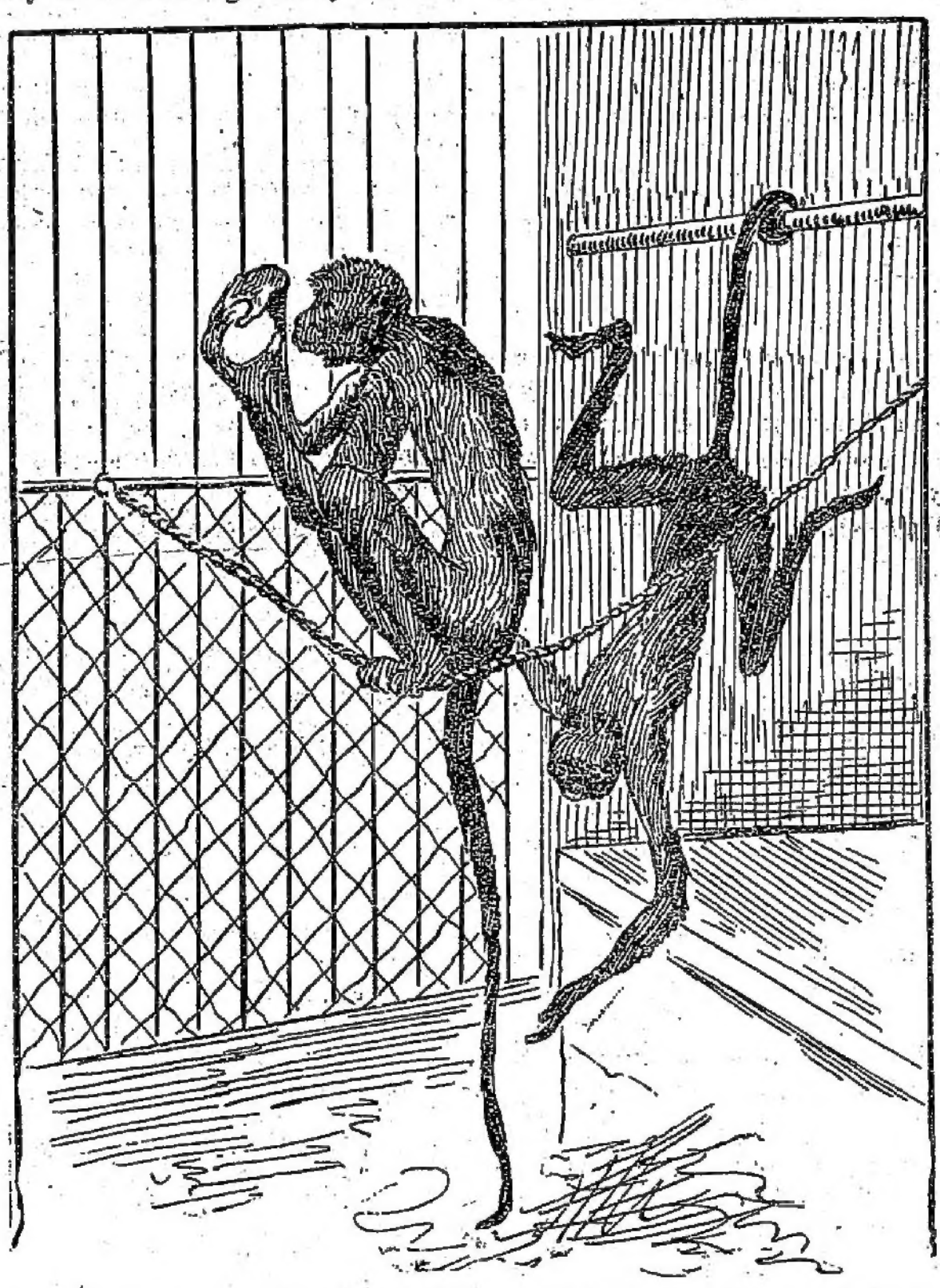
'Somebody's mother' bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: 'God be kind to that noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy.'

—'Waif.'

One Monkey, Jako.

Rgv. Oscar Roberts in 'Child's Paper.')

At Batanga, on the west coast of Africa, we had a pet monkey, Jako by name. In hunting the people had probably killed his mother and caught him when he was too small to get away. He soon became very tame, ran about the house, and out in the bush for half a day at a time. One day a man came running to the house to say that somebody had better go quickly and catch that monkey or he would get away into the



bush, but Jako never ran off. He knew what was good for him, if he was nothing but a monkey.

Jako was a natural born thief when he would not be caught, but it was very wrong to steal if anybody was looking at him, for then he would get a whipping. Sometimes we forget and do things that we are ashamed for our fathers and mothers to know, things that we would not do if they were around, and do just like that monkey. We forget that God sees if they do not. We can do better. Jako could not, for he was nothing but a monkey.

I learned after a while that if I did not put up my pen or pencil, Jako would be apt to run off with it. If he was nothing but a monkey, he made me put my small things up. The next time you come in and hang your cap up on the floor, and forget where it is, then if your mother will only get you a monkey, he will soon break you of that habit.

We would laugh at that monkey until our sides would ache. He would tease the kittens and the parrots, making life miserable for them. Quickly turning round and round, he would try to make his nine-inch body catch up with his seventeen-inch tail, and when he succeeded he would carry his tail in one paw and hop out on to the porch on the other three.

When Jako could not have a good time, he did not want anybody else to have a good time either. The parrot would be eating his food and behaving himself as any good parrot should; when Jako laid one paw on the back of the parrot, he would turn around to see who was disturbing him, and Jako would snatch his food away with another paw and run away with it and drop it on the porch. Jako did not need it; he was just opposed to seeing that parrot have a good time. Sometimes we do not feel very good, and we whine and complain and make things unpleasant for everybody around, just because we do not feel quite right. Sometimes father says no, when we want him to say yes; let's not make a face about it; he knows best, he was born before we were. Let us be manly and womanly in bearing our difficulties, keeping our mouths shut when things do not go to suit us that we cannot help. God delights to see a manly little man. Jako did not do that way, but he was nothing but a monkey.

Jako would come to his mistress any time during the day, but not after supper, for if he did he knew he would be put in his box for the night, and he did not like that. But he would get so sleepy, his head would begin to droop down, and then suddenly he would raise it up with a jerk, for he remembered 'Oh, if I go to sleep they will catch me and put me in the box, and I do not want that.' After a while he would go to sleep anyhow, and be caught. Whenever anybody goes to sleep in church, I think of that monkey Don't go to sleep in church. Help the pastor by looking at him, for he knows that if he has your eyes he has your ears too.

After a while another monkey was bought, of another species, less than half as big as Jako, and he considered himself appointed to help the smaller monkey in time of trouble. One night the little monkey was held and Jako ran up to snatch her away, and as she held to him he was caught and put in his box. But that little game never worked again. Jako did so want to help the other monkey, he did feel so sorry for her and would be so glad to help her, but you did not catch him doing it when it cost him anything or his precious hide was in danger. But he was only a monkey.

We think so often that that was just the way it was with us. We were held by Satan ready to be put to death. The dear Lord came and

rescued us, but at the price of his own life. To-day there are many who are bound in sin, for they do not know that Christ has already freed them, that if they repent and believe on him, God will save them for his sake from eternal death, and in this life from sin and self. God calls us to tell them of him, and it will cost our time and money and toil; but let us not draw back. Christ did not, and if we ask him, he will be in us the power that will not let us. Bless his dear Name!

After Jako's mistress was gone, he became so naughty that I did not keep him. He would pull out the setting hen's tail feathers. I could not bear to see him chained up, and so gave him away, and he was sent to England where they keep monkeys in a pen, and do not let them run loose.

Jako was nothing but a monkey. He did not care for anybody or anything but himself. One could not blame him, he was nothing but a monkey.

But God has made a way for us to be saved from selfishness. After we have known God in the forgiveness of our sins, let us ask him to send the Holy Spirit in our own hearts to live, and an indwelling Christ will be the motive for all our actions.

A Lesson That I Have Learned From My Lily Bed.

These Easter lily bulbs were the gift of a dear friend. I planted them in two rows—seventeen in all—to form a background for the other varieties. Two years after I saw one in the row nearest the fence falling short. I gave it a little extra care, dug about it and enriched it a little more. Still it pined. At last its leaves grew sallow, and then they fell off altogether. It was indeed time to investigate the cause, so I dug carefully down, searching for grubs, for mole tracks, for all-thought-of enemies. None of these were there. At last I found the bulb sound, but shrunken, held fast captive in the meshes of another life.

A wild clematis had sprung up at an adjacent post, and I had allowed it to remain, that it might trail its dark green leaves and wealth of bloom along the somewhat unsightly fence. But, though not shading the lily, or apparently crowding it above, the roots below had crept along instinctively to the richer soil around it, and at last encircled the bulb. There were the multitudinous golden fibres, each only a slender thread, but counting, as they must have done, by thousands, and all of them closing round and round the struggling bulb until at last it was choked.

I never shall forget my thought as I held that little rescued bulb in my hands. It seemed almost to grow into a human heart that had come to me for help, and asked me why it could not have the life of joy and blessed service that so many others have. And I made the sad answer my Savior did, 'The lust of other things has entered in and choked the word.' Yet still the poor withered heart pleaded: 'But I know of no wrong thing in my life; I have no unchristian pursuit of pleasure.' These, but other things, Jesus said, not necessarily evil things. Among these other things may be good things even, unduly cherished. My clematis was not a weed—not even when it did this deadly work of sapping all sustenance from my lily. It was only a good thing out of place; it was only a good thing grown wanton, and by its rampant growth stopping all growth in a far better thing.

I could not hesitate a moment to tear it from its place. Choose and choose the best, give room, give space. These are the lessons I am ever learning from my garden.—'Everybody's Magazine.'

A Band of Mercy Dog.

I want to tell you about a rough-coated, soft-hearted Band of Mercy member that I know. I say he is a Band of Mercy member; for his behavior shows him to be one, though I doubt if he ever signed the pledge which members of that society sign, promising to be kind to all harmless animals. Actions, however, speak louder than words; and Major certainly shows a warm interest in the welfare of his four-footed companions.

The gray cat had five kittens. Nobody supposed that rough old Major, the black dog, took any interest in the fact; but we don't know everything there is to know. Thinking five too large a family, the cook drowned all but one kitten; and Mrs. Cat decided that she would have all or none, and so she deserted the little, helpless ball of fur that was left. All the afternoon a man heard it crying, but he thought that Puss would return. The next morning, when Delia, the cook, was busy getting breakfast, in came Major from the stable, carrying carefully between his teeth the little gray kitten, which he placed gently on the floor at Delia's feet; and then he stood wagging his tail and looking up with pleading, friendly brown eyes, which said as plainly as words, 'Do, please, take care of this poor waif, and feed her!' The appeal was not to be resisted, for could a human being consent, to be less charitable than a dog?

Another time a calf was separated from its mother, and cried plaintively in the night. The cook heard it for some time with impatience, for she was tired, and wanted to go to sleep; but, finally, all was quiet. When John went into the stable in the morning, there were Major and the calf cuddled close together in the stall, as comfortable as possible, the calf looking quite consoled for the loss of its mother.

Don't you agree with me that Major is a Band of Mercy dog? At all events, he wears a beautiful white star on his breast; and that, as you know, is the Band of Mercy badge.—'Our Animal Friends.'

Johnnie's Advice.

(Hattie Louise Jerome in 'Mayflower.')

Drip, drop! drip, drop!
Steadily falls the rain.

'You dear little clouds!
Say, what is the matter?
Your tear-drops are falling
Spatter, spatter!

'Has some one taken
Your toys away,
'And sent you off
By yourself to stay,
Just 'cause you wouldn't
Say "Scuse me, Ned,"
For hittin' your brover
Right on his head?

'You see, Ned was bad
An' snatched my ball—
But I didn't hit him
Hard, at all—
So what did I want
To say "Scuse me" for!
Say, little clouds,
What are you cryin' for?

'You'd better go now
An' make it all right,
It's perf'ly shameful
For brovers to fight.
Go kiss him an' say
You are sorry, too,
Dear little clouds;
That's what I'm going to do!'

Christ Healing the Blind Man

John ix., 1-11. Memory verses, 5-7. Study the chapter.

Golden Text.

'One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.'—John ix., 25.

Home Readings.

M. John ix., 1-12.—Christ healing the blind man.
T. John ix., 13-23.—Questionings.
W. John ix., 24-38.—'Now I see.'
T. Mark x., 46-52.—Bartimaeus.
F. Matt. xiii., 10-17.—Spiritual blindness.
S. Isa. xlii., 1-7.—Prophecy of Christ.
S. II. Cor. iv., 1-7.—Darkness and light.

Lesson Story.

On a certain Sabbath day in October, A.D. 29, about six months before the crucifixion, Jesus was walking with his disciples in Jerusalem. And they saw a poor blind beggar sitting by the roadside.

The disciples asked if this affliction was a punishment for some sin of the parents, or if the man himself was being punished. But Jesus replied that the blindness was not given as a punishment, but that the affliction had been sent to make the man, through the healing of his blindness, an object lesson to all the world of God's glorious healing power. If he had not been blind, he could never have been healed, but by being healed he became an illustration of the truth that Jesus is the Light of the world.

So the Lord Jesus annointed the eyes of the blind man, and sent him to wash in the pool of Siloam. The man obeyed Jesus, and was perfectly healed of his disease. Then the neighbors and those who had known him before gathered round with eager questionings. Many doubted if he could really be the man that they had known, but he answered that he was the man who had been blind.

Then they asked him how his eyes had been opened, and he told them that Jesus had opened them. The people took him then to the Pharisees, who were very angry to hear that Jesus had wrought another healing on the Sabbath. They sent for the man's parents to ask if this really was the man who had been born blind, and how he came to be healed. The parents were afraid of the priests, so they answered that the man was their son, but they could not tell who had opened his eyes, saying, 'he is of age; ask him; he shall speak for himself.'

The man again declared that Jesus had opened his eyes and that a man who could do such works must be come from God.

Then they excommunicated him. For they had agreed beforehand that if anyone confessed that Jesus was the Christ, he should be cast out of the synagogue. When Jesus heard that the healed man was excommunicated, he went to him and comforted him, and taught him that he, Jesus, was the Son of God, the long promised Messiah. And the man worshipped and believed on him.

The Bible Class

'Blind.'—Deut. xxvii., 18; Luke vi., 39; Rev. iii., 17, 18; Psa. cxlvi., 8; Isa. xxxv., 5, 6; Luke iv., 18; Matt. ix., 27-29; xi., 5; xv., 30, 31; xx., 30-34.

'Sin.'—Prov. xiv., 9; John viii., 34; Deut. xxiv., 16; Rom. iii., 23; Matt. i., 21; I. John i., 9; Rom. vi., 23; Heb. ix., 11-28.

'Healing'—Ex. xv., 26; Psa. ciii., 3; cxlvii., 3; Isa. lvii., 18; Jer. iii., 22; xvii., 14; Hos. xiv., 4; Mal. iv., 2; Luke ix., 11; Jas. v., 16; I Pet. ii., 24; Rev. xxii., 2.

Lesson Hymn.

O Christ, our true and only Light,
Illumine those who sit in night;
Let those afar now hear Thy voice,
And in Thy fold with us rejoice.

Fill with the radiance of Thy grace
The souls now lost in error's maze;
And all in whom their secret minds
Some dark delusion hurts and binds.
John Heermann, 1630.

Suggestions.

Troubles of some kind are sent to everyone to teach them and to bring them nearer to God.

Blindness is a very common disease in the East, but very few persons are born blind. This man was helpless and hopeless, but the affliction which seemed to him so great was as nothing when compared to the exceeding and eternal weight of glory which it brought him (II. Cor. iv., 17, 18). That man, through his sorrow and poverty, gained a blessing and a joy such as the proud Pharisees and rich men could not even know of. For the poor in spirit are 'filled with good things' and the rich are sent empty away. A man must be in need before he can receive anything from Jesus.

'The night cometh when no man can work,' we must endeavor to make use of every opportunity God gives us while we are here. Our Lord helped this man first by a thing he could understand. It is a widespread superstition in the East that saliva is a cure for blindness. Jesus helped the blind man to believe by using the clay made from saliva. So we can sometimes use means which seem to us trivial, but which will help to bring blind souls into the understanding of higher things that they may believe on Jesus, the Light of the world.

The man obeyed. Obedience is the test of faith. Obedience is the language of love and trust. Unbelief is disobedience to God.

The man looked different after his eyes were opened. A man should be known to be different after his conversion. This man was brave enough to bear testimony to the power of Jesus even though it meant excommunication.

Questions.

1. Why was this man born blind?
2. Why does everyone have troubles?
3. Would the man have been healed if he had not obeyed?
4. Is it more important to obey God than to obey men?
5. What happened to the man after he was healed?

Practical Points.

BY A. H. CAMERON.

He who marks the sparrow's fall will not fail to notice his children. Verse 1.

God allows sickness and sorrow that he may show his wondrous power to heal. Verses 2, 3.

'Oh, the good we all may do, as the days are going by.' Verse 4.

There is a sun that never sets and cannot be eclipsed. Verse 5. Also Mal. iv., 2.

Strong faith is always accompanied by prompt obedience. Verses 6, 7.

Nothing will change a human being like the touch of Jesus. Verses 8, 9.

We may know when God opens our eyes, but how he does it is a great mystery. Verses 10, 11.

Tiverton, Ont.

C. E Topic.

March 12.—Fellowship in Christian service. Neh. iv., 6, 16-23.

Junior C. E.

March 12.—How to get a pure heart. Psa. xxiv., 1-6. (A temperance topic.)

Child Reform.

A teacher of to-day tells of a traveller who, passing through a country district, heard sounds like the frantic wailing of a woman in sore distress. Pushing his way in the direction of the sounds, he saw a woman wringing her hands and showing every demonstration of violent grief. Asking her what was the matter, she cried out that her child had fallen into the well. In a moment he sprang down the rope and saved the boy. A little further on his journey, he came across another woman wailing and wringing her hands also. In response to his question what ailed her, she answered that her bucket was in the well. He passed on with a smile on his face. The teacher finds a moral in the tale. According to him, all the political and social problems with which men exercise themselves in our generation are like unto buckets in the well, compared with the most important problems of the rescue and salvation of child life. Children in the well should receive the first earnest attention of all reformers who seek to put the world right.—The Rev. D. Sutherland in 'Pittsburg Advocate.'

The Catechism On Beer.

(By Julia Coleman, National Temperance Publication House.)

LESSON IV.—ANALYSIS OF BEER.

'They are drinking slip-slop water also.'—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

What is honest beer?

That which is made from water, grain, hops and yeast only.

When we say 'honest beer,' do we mean that it is good and wholesome?

No, we mean that only those articles named have been put into it.

After the chemical changes of fermentation, what do we find in honest beer?

Alcohol, water, extract of hops, sediment and sugar.

In what proportions

From 2 to 12 parts alcohol, according to the kind of beer, 85 to 95 parts water, and the remainder extract, sugar and sediment.

Why do the proportions of alcohol vary so largely?

To make the various kinds of beer.

Can we get at the exact proportions of all the ingredients in all cases?

It can be done by a good chemist.

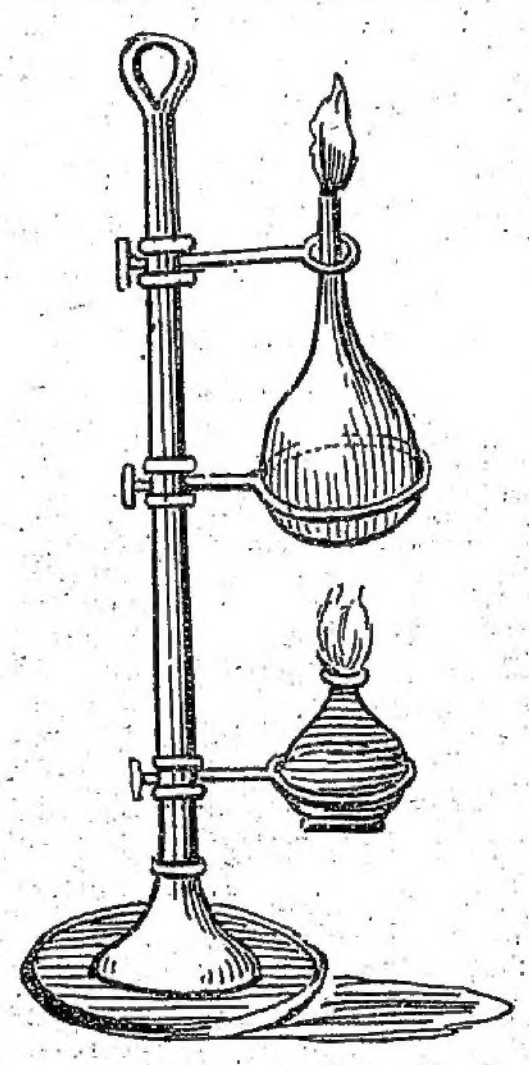
A careful analysis of any such complex substance requires much time and skill, and it is, therefore, a very expensive process.

How can those who are not chemists separate some of the ingredients of beer?

By evaporating it over a fire.

Experiment.—If beer be placed in an open pan over a slow heat, the alcohol will soon begin to go off in vapor. If the hands be held in the vapor the alcohol will condense upon them, and show its nature by its odor. The water can be boiled away, and the gummy, nauseous remains will be mostly gum, sediment, and extract of hops.

To prove that this is alcohol in the vapor, let the evaporation proceed in a small-necked bottle, and if the amount be considerable, as in strong ale, it can be fired at the mouth of the bottle, as in the illustration.



Is this distillation?

It is if the alcohol be gathered and condensed.

Experiment.—For distillation the beer may be heated in a retort and the alcohol gathered in a condenser, or a simple still may be arranged with a tea-kettle or coffee-pot, the spout of which may be connected by

a rubber tube, with a bottle on ice to serve as a condenser.

What is the alcoholic drink called which is distilled from beer?

Gin or schnapps.

Gin is said to get its name from juniper berries, formerly distilled with it to flavor it. It usually contains about 35 percent alcohol, but specimens vary. It is not always made from beer. A good authority says it consists of any spirit largely doctored, and it often contains turpentine, creosote, oil of vitriol, salts of tartar, and other poisons.

What important fact do we learn from this analysis?

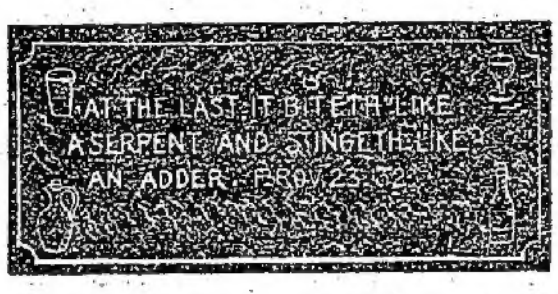
That beer-drinkers get a very large proportion of poor water. (See illustration).

Pliny of old, in describing the beer of ancient Egypt, says: 'It is made from grain steeped in water,' and he adds, quaintly, 'means have actually been discovered for getting drunk upon water.'

Is the alcohol the same as in other drinks?

Precisely the same.

Alcohol is a chemical substance with certain exact proportions of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and any change in the proportions of any one of these ingredients would produce another substance. For example, starch, sugar, fat and many other substances are all made of the same three ingredients in different proportions.



'Biteth Like A Serpent.'

Few things are so much dreaded as serpents. They are so stealthy, and, except the rattlesnake, so silent, and some of them at least, are so deadly. There is no cure known for the bite of some snakes; the only chance is to cut out the piece of flesh that has been bitten, or to burn it out with a red-hot iron, and even this will be of no use unless it is done directly after the bite is received. Now, this is very like what alcohol does to the drinker, who has only a very faint chance of getting rid of his thirst for drink when that thirst has once been formed in him. His only chance is to get the drink out, and to keep it out of his body. He cannot cut it out or burn it out; he has patiently to abstain from it until he has ceased to long for it. Sometimes it is many years before this can be done, and sometimes the thirst comes back time after time for the whole of a man's life, and keeps him in danger and anxiety. What good reason we have to avoid being bitten by this serpent of strong drink.

The mischief comes

'AT THE LAST,'

Like many other bad things, the drink comes to us with a smiling face; it is pretty to look at as it sparkles in the glass; we see some of our friends taking it; we know that many good people not only take it, but even praise it. If we were to take some, very likely at first it would seem to be doing us good, and we might think it a useful thing to take. But it would all be a mistake; every kind of strong drink is 'a mocker,' and soon after we had got into the habit of taking it we should find that we had more or less difficulty in leaving it off. The first prick of the serpent's tooth would be felt, and if we had wisdom enough left we would cast the habit away from us in fear and horror. If we did not the tooth would enter more deeply and the poison would flow through our veins: we should become the prey of the serpent. Wise men look well ahead, and so do wise boys and girls; they do not ask whether a thing is pleasant or unpleasant just now; they want to know how it will be in the end. They know better than to buy an ounce of present pleasure with a pound of future pain. It is because the worst of drink comes at the last instead of at the first that we so hate and fear it.

WORSE THAN A SERPENT'S BITE.

It must be terrible to feel the poison spreading through one's body after the bite of a snake. In some cases in about a quarter of an hour it is all over, and death has come. But it is worse still to live the living death of a drunkard, to feel one good thing after another going out of you, that you love those about you less and have less of their love; that your good name is going, that you are in every way getting worse and worse, further and further from God and goodness and everything that is beautiful and pleasant, that you are surely dying, not only in your body, but in your soul as well. Better by far be killed by a serpent than endure such a fate as this. Yet if you neglect the warning of the motto, if you break your pledge, such a fate may be yours.—'National Advocate.'

Correspondence

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in Hamilton, and think it a very nice place. I went to Toronto during my summer holidays, to see the exhibition. I have two pets, Zip, a Scotch terrier, and a collie, called Rodger. At Christmas I made a scrap-book for the hospital.

PIRIE (aged 11).

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a pet cat named Tigor. We have a French pony which is a great favorite with all our family.

ELLEDA (aged 11).

Clanwilliam, Man.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather has been taking the 'Messenger' for about thirty years.

I like to read the correspondence the best. I have never seen any letters from this part yet. I go to school and I have about one mile to go. Our teacher's name is Mr. Taylor, from Portage la Prairie.

I have two pets, a dog and a colt, the dog's name is Bruce, and the colt's name is Nellie.

WILLIE (aged 13).

Kingston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have only one pet, which is a pony named Prince. I like to read the 'Messenger' very much. I wished that prohibition would win but I see in the 'Witness' that it didn't.

I will tell you about an illustrated prohibition sermon I saw on Prohibition Sunday.

The painting was all done by the preacher, as he is an artist. The pictures were on a revolving frame. The first was a hen's body with a man's head, sitting on some eggs, on which were written their names, some were rum and whiskey, and other intoxicating drinks. Another one was a lot of men with chains and iron balls around their legs, on which were their names rum and whiskey being mostly used. The next was a whiskey seller standing at the door of a saloon, he said, 'that he built all the prisons, jails, orphans' homes, cemeteries, lunatic asylums and penitentiaries.'

ARCHIE B. G. (aged 10).

Brant County.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and four sisters, I have a pet cat, and a dog. He is playful. I have a very nice school teacher, and a very nice Sunday-school teacher. We live on a farm.

BEATRICE R. (aged 8).

Hamilton.

Dear Editor,—We have two cats, one named Tipsy the other Beauty. We have a few chickens, and a pet canary. I go to school, and like it. I go to Sunday-school. We have a very nice teacher, and we like her very much.

ETHEL (aged 12).

Maravilla.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. I have one pet, a pig. It is a dear little thing. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. I like reading the correspondence

EVA E. (aged 11).

Alameda, N.W.T.

Dear Editor,—School closed on Dec. 2, and will not open until March 1. I am in the fourth reader. We expect to have a large school this summer. My brother will be old enough to go to school with me. The winter has been nice so far, there has hardly been any sleighing till lately. We went to one of our uncle's for Christmas, and to another uncle's for New Year, and had a very nice time. We have a good time when the days are fine sleigh-riding. I am keeping a diary of the weather. There has been a new school-house, a dwelling house and two elevators built in Alameda this year. I like reading the temperance, the boys' and girls', also the correspondence, pages. After we read the 'Messenger,' we pass it on to our neighbor. My brother and I help papa to do the chores. My papa has got four quarter-sections of land; but has not got much of the land broken yet. When we boys get bigger we shall soon break it up and grow wheat. We got two barrels of apples this winter, and get some every winter. The apples are shipped here from Ontario. My baby brother can run all over this winter; he is fifteen months old, and gets into all sorts of mischief.

HAROLD H. D. (aged 10).

Sutton.

Dear Editor,—I walk nearly a mile to school. I like my teacher very much. I have two brothers and no sisters. I have five dolls. I have a pair of bantams.

MYRTIE (aged 10).

Vernonville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have one dog and two cats, they play most of the time. My father takes the 'Witness' and 'Messenger,' we like them very much. I live on a farm about three-quarters of a mile from the school-house. I commenced school last Easter, and like my teacher very much.

MELZAR ORR (aged 8).

Desboro.

Dear Editor,—Mrs. Burnett, our minister's wife, organized a Mission Band, in the church, last May, I am a member of it, we made a quilt, dressed some dolls, and sent them to the Indians in the North-West.

I am eleven years old, and go to school every day I can, and am in the senior fourth class.

CARMAN.

Briggs' Corner, N.B.

Dear Editor,—We have a large dog named Captain, which will haul my brother and I all around on the hand-sled. We go to school.

JESSIE A.

Rapid City.

Dear Editor,—I would like to see another letter from 'Clara,' who wrote a letter in the last 'Messenger' about 'A Journey Across the Prairie.' When I have read the 'Messenger,' I save them till I have got a large number, then I send them to my aunt in Moline. I have a cat named Tabby, and a dog named Jeff. Tabby is a very comical cat, and is very fond of play. Jeff is the most playful dog I have ever seen. Our nearest town is eight miles away.

NELLIE S. G.

Wild Rose Farm, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The 'Northern Messenger' has been a fortnightly, and after the change, a weekly, visitor in our home long before my existence, and I look and watch for the mail that brings this friend as if it were a playmate of mine. In the letters that boys and girls have written to you, some have mentioned parts of the paper they like best, Well, I like the boys' and girls' column better than the rest of the paper. But I read all of the paper and the temperance page is next best in my thoughts. If only all would read and think over temperance reading it would do them good. The 'Messenger' may be in homes where no other Christian paper is, and I hope that it will let light into these homes.

I enjoy going to school better than I do my holidays, especially in winter, when there is plenty of ice to skate on. Our school is near a wood, and in this wood there is a large pond, which, when frozen before the snow falls, is excellent for skating. Then when the ice is rough, or covered with snow, we build forts of snow, and have snow battles, and so winter passes all too quickly for us boys. At Christmas we had a Christmas tree in our public school, and our teacher hung presents and candy on the tree for all of his pupils, so we returned the compliment by giving him celluloid satin-lined handkerchief, collar and cuff, and necktie cases, as he was leaving for the Normal at Ottawa. I wish there were two or three Christmases every year.

I am very fond of reading. We take ten papers, and I read the majority of them. Some of my favorite books are 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Tom Brown's School Days,' and 'Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe,' this last one I've just finished, and think it is a splendid book.

WILFRID (aged 11.)

HOUSEHOLD.

A Lesson in Economy.

('Housekeeper.')

Sometimes housekeepers say: 'Well, there will be just so much waste anyway, so what is the use of saving the tid-bits?' On the contrary, careless hands can throw many dollars into the refuse barrel during the year.

There is a great deal in managing, more so than I realized until I visited a friend I had not seen for nearly a year. During this time she had met with reverses, and a very comfortable income was reduced to a very uncomfortable one. At the time her husband lost his hardware business in which their all had been invested, his health had given way and his physician had forbidden his taking any office position, urging him to keep out of doors by all means. After considerable searching, he found a position as assistant to a nursery-man and seed gardener. Being wholly untrained for such work, he could not command ordinary wages, and it seemed utterly impossible to live upon the money that was offered him. 'The little woman,' however, thought that it might be done, so he accepted the position, gave up their pretty town flat and moved into a small, old-fashioned house near the seed garden.

That others may benefit by her experience, I will give extracts of our conversation on that mild autumn day when we wandered through her garden, sat under the gnarled old apple tree or investigated the house and cellar: 'I don't know how we should have managed without our garden; it looked forlorn enough when we came early in the spring, but Tom and I thought it worth a trial. By rising very early we got in an hour's work before he left home, and I have put all my spare time into it during the day; that is, during the busy season. As I am living so much 'out of the world,' I can do as I wish, mend my chicken coop or weed onions. Those old currant and gooseberry bushes were scraggy enough when we came, but after pruning and fertilizing they bore enough fruit for our own use, and next year we hope for a full crop. The old apple-tree is more of an ornament than anything else, and only a half-barrel crop was picked; they are sweet and good for baking. That pear tree produced just one bushel of Sheldons, but quite enough for use in canning. Those were the only natural resources. The vegetables we worked hard for.

'Tom gave me a hen and a setting of eggs on my birthday, and since then I have added two more and a chanticleer, so I have had all the eggs we needed, besides spring chickens at intervals, consequently our meat bill has been light. I saved all the pullets for laying, and those young roosters, trying to get up a quarrel in the corner of the yard, are to be fattened for our Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners. I shall soon begin to sell my eggs, as the prices are going up. Next week, I shall make fruit cake, cookies, hermits, and a supply of salad dressing, enough to last over Thanksgiving, so that I will not need to use many eggs, while the price is so high. Next year I hope to have a good flock of hens, when we will build a coop for them—this old one looks as if it had done service a dozen years.

'We had very good fortune with our vegetables, considering we were amateurs, but then Tom is learning every day, so we hope to be ideal gardeners before many years. We planted lettuce, peas, string beans, summer squash, radishes, beets, turnips, tomatoes and cucumbers, besides our winter stuff that you see growing now—parsnips, onions, carrots and celery.

I sold a quantity of early stuff—lettuce, peas, summer squash, and radishes, mostly—to old friends, who were quite interested in my 'enterprise,' as they called it; they said they were fresher than the vegetables they got in town, and the money was very acceptable to me. I had no trouble about it for they called for them when out driving. It seemed queer at first to sell garden stuff to visitors. I could have sold a quantity of tomatoes if I had raised them, but I used a great many on the table, and have two dozen jars canned for winter soups, besides a little catsup.

'You must come into the cellar kitchen and see my fruit, not very much of a variety, but it will be a great help during the winter, when we have no garden to gather from. I traded a bushel of tomatoes for a half-bushel of peaches with my nearest neighbor, who had poor luck with her vines; they look nice, don't they? Here is my currant jelly and gooseberry jam, not much of it, but enough for a taste occasionally. I put up the plum tomatoes with sliced lemon; they look nearly as inviting as real plums. Those pickled onions came from the farm; they make a nice relish. I shall have enough large onions to sell to pay for the vinegar and sugar I have used for canning.

'We have set out a few pear, peach and plum trees, and several grape vines (they do not cost us anything you know), and next spring we will set out strawberry plants. We look upon this as our home now. Tom has gained so much this summer and I have never felt better in my life. I have a capital appetite, so I don't miss the dainties I used to have.'

'What is this?' I inquired, peering into a jar neatly covered with a cloth.

'Oh! that is fat drippings. I never waste a bit of fat now; all the pork, sausage and bacon drippings go into that jar, after being melted and clarified. It makes capital fat for frying doughnuts and potatoes, and is good to shorten gingerbread. My beef drippings in this cup came from a marrow bone soup; it is as yellow and sweet as butter, and will shorten my next batch of cookies. Look here!' showing me a platter filled with square white cakes. 'I make all my soap from the third and worst grade of drippings! I haven't bought a bit of soap since I came here.'

I looked the amazement I felt, and she hastened to explain. 'It is so easy; a box of potash will cost but ten cents, and the waste grease, odds and ends and mutton fat that most housekeepers throw away as worthless, can be clarified and melted, and with but twenty minutes' stirring you will make soap enough to last two or three months. Doesn't it look white and nice? These small squares are for toilet use, for I added a few drops of rose oil to pass off the making. My next soap making will be soft soap for spring cleaning. It takes quite a while to save enough grease, we eat so little meat.'

'How do you manage about your meat?' I inquired, thinking that here was something she could not economize in very well.

'Oh, that is my pet economy. In the summer we ate very little meat—we had plenty of eggs, vegetables, and a young crower occasionally—but now we have to buy, as I wish to save my eggs for the market. Last week I bought a soup bone, a good-sized one, for twenty-five cents. I trimmed off enough meat, (round steak), to make a Hamburg steak for the first dinner; then boiled the bone, which I had well cracked before I put it in the kettle. I had enough stock for two soups. For the second dinner there was an ordinary beef soup; for the third a nice tomato soup, by adding a quart of canned tomatoes. Besides the three dinners, I skimmed off the marrow fat you saw, which in cookies is equal to its weight in fresh butter. Is not that frugality?'

'This week we had a large aitchbone, which cost fifty cents. The best part I roasted; sometimes I put a streak of dressing in it, but this week I braized it in my patent baking pan. That will make two dinners, with cold slices for breakfast and supper. I also saved a little for my chopper—we are quite fond of Hamburg, and especially upon toast; that made another breakfast; while from the tougher part I corned enough beef for my "boiled dish," next week. This will make a dinner, cold meat for two suppers, and odds and ends for a vegetable hash, the last meal from my aitchbone. To-morrow, when the butcher comes, I shall get a fore-shoulder of lamb; it is quite low-priced. I will take out the bones, which with rice, onion and a few slices of potato will make a nice soup; the rest I will roll for baking, which will give us two dinners and cold slices for other meals. Sometimes I make a little salad from cold lamb or veal; it is nearly as good as chicken salad.

'I shall lay in a piece of bacon, a sugar cured ham, a firkin of pickled mackerel and a good-sized salt fish for the winter, which with my weekly piece of meat and various cereal dishes — as rice croquettes, potato puffs—baked beans, and pea soup occasionally, we will have a varied bill of fare. I have learned that it is much cheaper to buy by the quantity, and in winter I can do so. We have engaged a barrel of Baldwin apples and two of potatoes.

'We do not burn coal, it is so expensive. Tom cut our winter's wood, and now it is piled in the cellar. We had several loads of oak, and a little pine for kindlings; it was so much cheaper buying it that way. Our rent is low, so we have saved a little every week, for the rainy day, or towards buying and repairing this old house.'

'Well,' I said, 'if you manage as well in the future as you have already done, I see no reason why you cannot do so.' My friend laughed and said: 'Yes, we will get along very well, and when Tom's first year is up, he expects to get an increase in wages.'

ELIZABETH.

Selected Recipes.

Potato Pie.—Peel and slice the potatoes very thin; butter a deep pie-dish; put a layer of potatoes in the bottom, scatter over a very little chopped onion (one onion is enough for a pound of potatoes), season with pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley and a few slices of hard-boiled egg; then another layer of potatoes, onion, parsley, egg, and pepper and salt—until the dish is full; cut two ounces of fresh butter into little pieces and lay on top, pour over a little water, cover with a good crust, and bake slowly an hour and a half.

Indian Meal Cakes.—Take three cupfuls of Indian meal and one cupful of graham flour, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; sift together, and mix into a smooth batter with two cupfuls of milk—or more, if the batter is too stiff. Make the cakes small, and bake at least twice as long as other griddle cakes.

Miriam A. White, of Stewart, Ont., receiving a club of 'Northern Messenger' for Stewart Union Sabbath-school, writes as follows: 'I think it is the best paper for Sunday-schools that is printed. We have taken it in our school for more than six years.'

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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'